



A Memory

Emma A. Guest

A day of tender memory,
A day of sacred hours.
Of little bands of marching men,
Of drums and flags and flowers.

A day when a great nation halts
Its mighty-throbbing pace,
And by its need of gratitude
Shows love with willing grace.

A day to keep from year to year In
memory of the dead;
Let music sound and flowers be laid
Upon each resting bed.

Memorial Day

Edgar A. Guest

Blow gently, winds of May,
And softly stir the trees,
Whispering today
The love we bear to these
Who sleep that silent sleep,
At rest forevermore.
Blow gently, winds of May ...
Their warfare now is o'er.

Blow gently, winds of May,
Bearing the perfume rare
Of blossoms o'er the way;
Rose petals scatter there;
The starry flag we place
In glory on each grave,
Catches in a fond embrace
For us and proudly waves

Blow gently, winds of May,
Shine softly, summer sun;
Our heroes sleep today,
Their duty nobly done.
And with the flag they loved,
And flowers, we come today
To honor those who sleep
Blow gently, winds of May.